

"Nim" Book

ZIM'S CHARACTERS IN PEN AND INK.



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A POLITICAL TRICK.

McGOWAN — "I'll not vote for Bryan for Prisidint, b' gorry!"
SLATTERY — "An' phwy?"
McGOWAN — "Oi loike no man thot will take th' Oirish O' frum his name t' ketch th' Yankee vote."



CAUSE OF THE RIOT.

KERRIGAN—"An' phwat do yez call thot now, Grogan?"
GROGAN (*of Brooklyn, proudly*)—"Thot's a harseless baby-kerridge, Kerrigan. Oi don't hov t' shove it at all at all."
KERRIGAN—"A *harseless* baby-keeridge, eh? Well, it's th' janius yez are, Grogan. Oi always thought yez wor a jackass."



A SECURE ANCHORAGE.

JONSING—"Whad fo' yo' dun gone an' tie yo' dog on yo' laig?"
PETAHS—"'Cause de dog-ketchah am roun', an' when I hab him tied toe mah laig I knows whar he am—d-d-d-d——

——dat's why."



Uncle Cyrus—"Gol durn it! these ocean trips is immense; I feel jest like whoopin' things up."



Ten minutes outside Sandy Hook and Uncle Cyrus whoopin' things up.

HE WHOOPED THINGS UP.



THE WAY TO MAKE ROOM.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON—"Will de gen'lemuns kindly let dar feet hang out ober de sides ob de boat an' make room fo' de ladies?"



Feeney, the dog-fancier, was badly tangled up in attempting to display his pug-dogs for sale——



——until the thought struck him to thrust a pole through the kinks in their tails, whereupon the dilemma was easily done away with.

THE TRIUMPH OF ALIGNMENT.

















CAUSE AND EFFECT; OR, THE BRINDLE HOG GETS INTO TROUBLE.



DIDN'T GET A PENSION.

SAW-MILL VETERAN (*to pension-agent*)—"Whar did I lose my leg? Wa al, stranger, it happened durin' th' siege of—of—why, you know, when what's-his-name was in command"——

WIFE (*interrupting*)—"Why, Silas! what ails yer mem'ry? Jonathan Pettingill was th' boss an' owner o' th' saw-mill them times"



A YARD OF BLOSSOMS.


2 IM.



LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE.

MR. KELLY—"What are you lickin' little Patsy for?"
MRS. KELLY—"Why, he asked me if the twinty-second av February was Saint Pathrick's day. The idea of insultin' dear owld Saint Pathrick like thot."





Mr. Johnson (*centre-fielder, running backward*) — "Dat's mah fly."
Mr Lampson (*right-field, ditto*) — "Dat's mah fly."
Mr. Jackson (*left-field, ditto*) — "Dat's mah — (bang!) ——



—— Head ! ! ! ! "



!——!!——!!!





AS SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.

MR. HARIX (*after reading letter from son at college*)—"John says he's a quarter-back."
MRS. HARIX—"Wa-al, send him th' quarter an' let him pay up. We can't afford ter hev him in debt fer th' sake uv a small sum like thet.



METROPOLITAN PERVERSION.

UNCLE POKENPRY (*savagely*) — "Darn sech a bunco taown, whar everybody and everythin' wants ter shake hands with a feller!"



FARMER GREEN—"By Jinks! I've caught that darky right in the act this time."



PARSON CLUCKS—"I hopes yo' am sattisfied, suh, aftuh de sarch yo' jist made, dat I hain't got no chicken on mah pusson."



PARSON CLUCKS—"Bress proverdince! dat bird thought he wuz back in a warm coop an' didn' emit no 'peeps' outen him."



CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

MRS. FARMER—"If you'll saw that wood I'll give you a meal."

WEARY WILLIE—"I would, lady; but it would t'row half de joke-writers uv de United States out uv a job if us fellers made a practice uv doin' dat."



A LOW-DOWN TRICK.

ISAACS—"Phy you vas so down on Rosenbomb?"
COHEN—"For der mean trig he played me—ven my shtore caught fire lashd veek, vile I vas avay, dot goose run in unt pud id oud, py chiminy!"



UNLUCKY.

Mose—"I'm jest dah most unfortunatist individual what eber lived. I's done been struck on de haid by lightnin', an' all mah hair burnt off."



A SORROWFUL LESSON.

"I'll teach you to go chestnutting without leave."
(*Crack.*)

TOMMY (*escaping*)—"Yer bet I knew my biz when I put dem unshucked chestnuts where I did."







AN EPISODE OF THE NORTH RIVER.

BROGAN—"Hilp! Hi-l-l-l-p!"
RONAN—"Hould yure mouth shut till Oi foind a rope."

BROGAN—"Sorra th' day thot Oi laves a Choinaman save me loife. Let me sink, Ronan."



PREPARING FOR THE RUSH.

PARSON JOHNSON—"I reckon we'll hab to put 'bout six dozen extra chairs in de chu'ch."
DEACON KETCHAM—"Why so?"
PARSON JOHNSON—"Why, I see dat scientists am predictin' de end ob de earth from a big sun-spot. Soon as dat news gets round to Blackville dar'll be a reg'lar bargain-day rush fo' salvation—shuah's yo'r born."



1. Big Mike—"Begorry! Mickie, I think it would be lighter if we put the pole on our shoulders."



2. Little Mickie—"Begob! and it's much easier, and it's a wonder I didn't think of that before."

HOW A THINK WILL LIGHTEN A LOAD.


RIM!



PLYMOUTH-ROCK BLOOD.

Miss Snoflaike—"Speakin' ob Plymouth Rock an' de Mayflower, Mistah Jackson, kin yo' trace youah blood back as far as dat?"
Mr. Jackson—"No—not so far as dat—but de night I got shot stealin' Plymouth-rock chickens I could trace mah blood back mos' four miles."



A MELON-COLIC INCIDENT.

Parson Hengrab—"Whad maiks yo' look so melon-colic?"
'Rastus—"Dis ain' no melon-colic—jes' plain stummick-ache."



A PERNICIOUS INVENTION.

MRS. O'TOOLE—"They do say, Pathrick, thot there's a new baby born iv'ry toime th' clock ticks."
MR. O'TOOLE—"Thin bad luck t' th' haythen thot invinted clocks."



HE GOT BURNED.

COHENSTEIN—"How red your face vas, Isaacstein! Vas you sun-burned?"
ISAACSTEIN—"Yes. I shust had a leetle peeshnish transaction mit my son Maurice, der stock-broker, unt I vas son-burned to beat der band!"



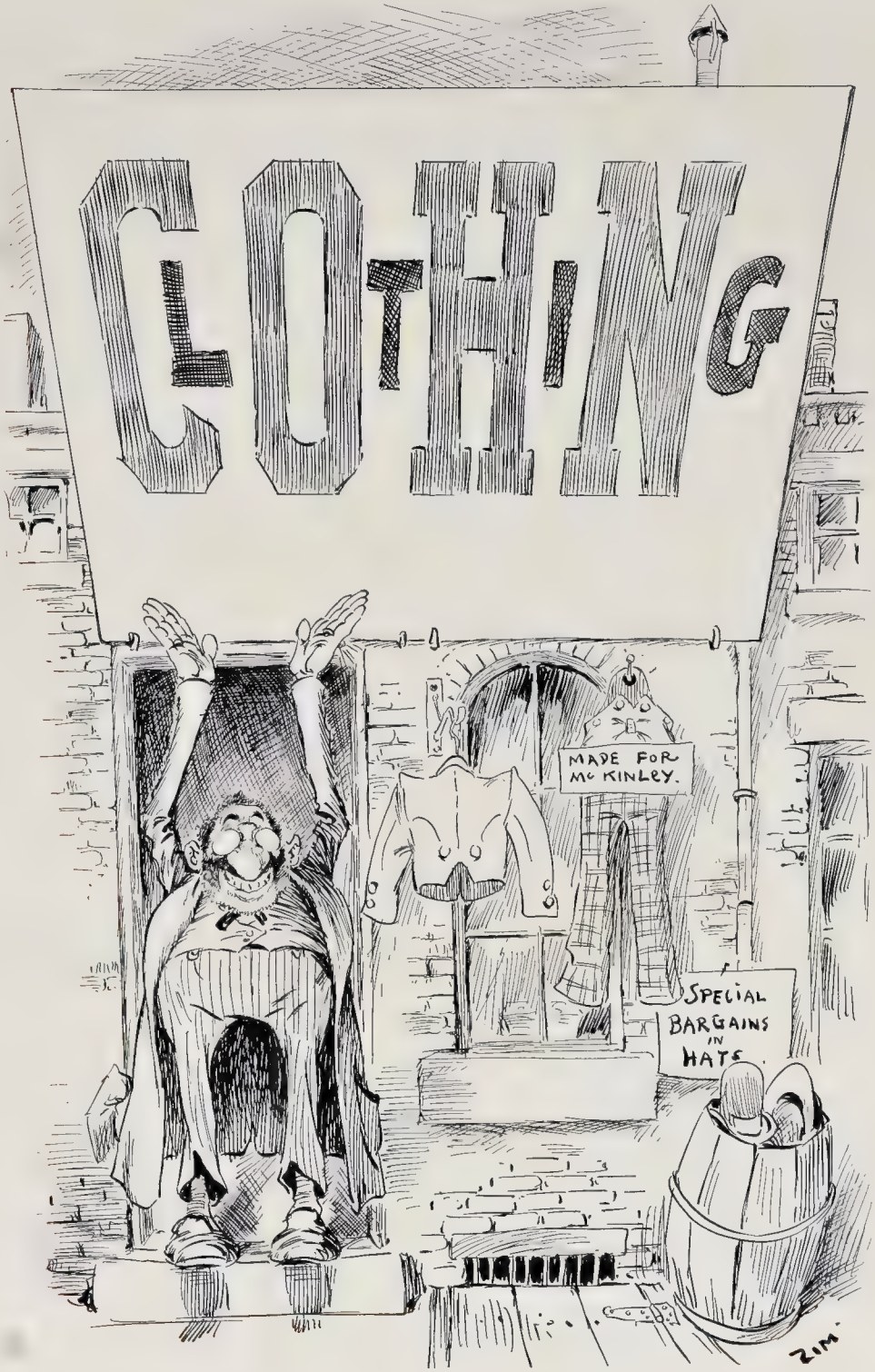
THE FAT MAN AND THE MULE.





OBJECTIONABLE SHIELDS.

MR. JACKSON (*at the word Two*)—"Hol' on dar! Hol' on dar! Eider change dese weppins toe razzers or I doan' fite. S'pose I'se gwine toe put mahsailf up fo' a targit 'ginst an opponint dat doan' gib me no chance toe git a vital squint on his pusson?"



ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

The stingiest Hebrew in the trade
Is Clothier Isaac Cohn;
For when he had his store-sign made
He killed two birds with one stone.

A RUBBER-NECK FOWL;

OR, THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.















SHE WAS MERCENARY.

Miss Coopah—"'Lige, how much yo' dun made dis week whitewashin'?"
'Lige—"'Fo' de Lawd! yo's de mos' mercinary gal I knows, yo' is. I beliebe now yo's marryin' me fo' mah money."



THE ALIBI PROVEN.

JUDGE—"You are charged with breaking and entering the chicken-coop of 'Squire Hennery upon the night of the fifth instant, between the hours of nine and ten, and abstracting therefrom a full-blooded Shanghai rooster. How do you plead to this indictment?"

SAM JOHNSON—"Not guilty, judge, an' I kin prove an alibi; between de hours ob nine an' ten dat night I wuz habin' a fight wif mah wife."

MRS. JOHNSON (*from the spectators' seats*)—"Dat's so, jedge; dat's de Lawd's own trufe. He wantid de rooster biled en I wantid 'im briled; en' 'sides, 'twant a Shanghai et all—'twant nothin' but a ordinary buff Cochin."

A SAURIAN'S STRATEGY.



'RASTUS—"Ki-yi! dar'll be some good bites comin' toe me on de odder end ob de log."



THE SUPPOSED LOG (*with a swish*)—"Nay, sonny; it is at *this* end where you are to get the bites."



SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

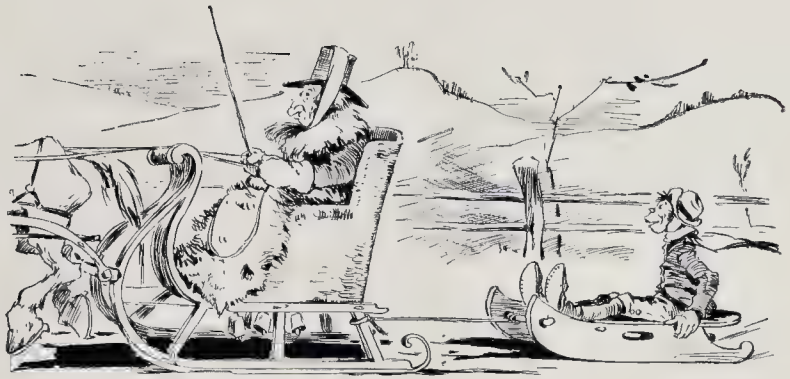
Deacon Ketchum (*after grace*)—"Now, chilluns, de Lawd hates gluttony; so jes' restrain yo'r carnal appetites an' doan eat so much ob dis yar tukkey dat yo'll git de dyspepsia.'



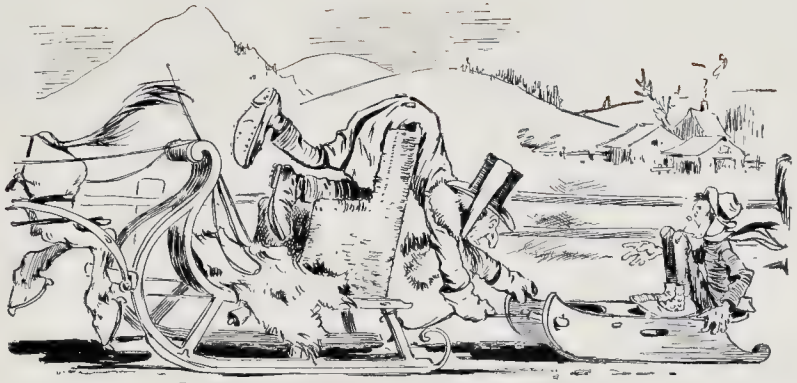
A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

KELLY—"No, Murphy, yez can niver be prisidint of the United Shtates."
MURPHY (*indignantly*)—"And phy not?"
KELLY—"Because yez wuz born in Oireland."
MURPHY—"Thrue fer yez; but if Oi should decoide to run for the prisidincy how the divil could they iver prove thot?"

RETRIBUTION.



FARMER JONES (*on to Bobby*)—"I'll jest reach over suddint-like an' haul thet pesky cub up an' whale 'im."



BOBBY (*on to farmer Jones, vociferously*)—"Gid-ap!"



Old Dobbin responds.

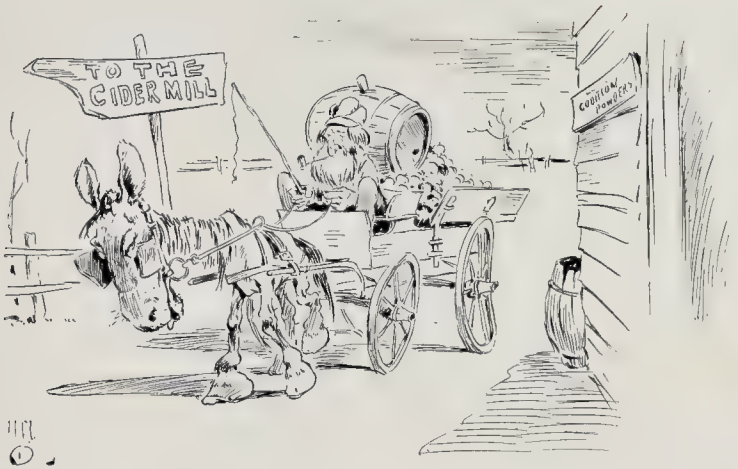


Finale.



CUPID'S DECOY IN DARKTOWN.

"Whad's dat gal wearin' a chicken on her haid fo'?"
"Why, dat's de stuff, niggah. Hit's a catch bonnet."



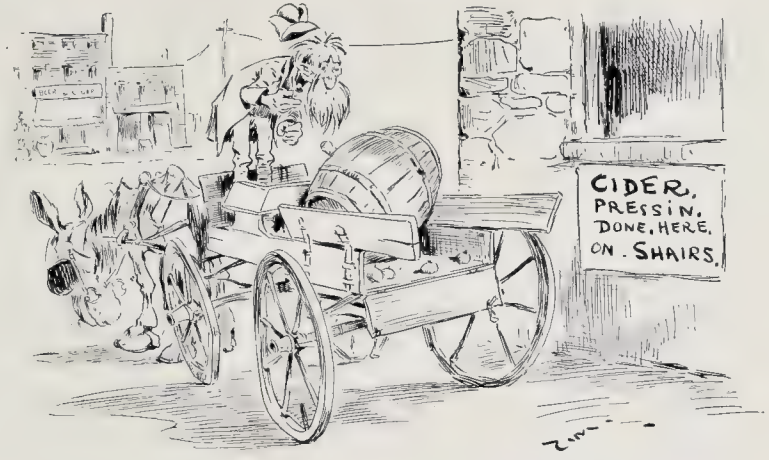
If a farmer was passing a country school-house with a load of apples, on his way to the cider mill ——



—— and the school-house contained eight pupils ——



—— which had just been let out for recess ——



—— how many gallons of cider could the farmer squeeze out of the remaining apples?



APPARENT HALLUCINATION.

MR. WEMPLE (*very nervous*)—"I's not a dreamin', but I sho' 'nuff mus' be crazy, kase I's continooly hearin' de heabenly 'peep, peep' ob a cheekin, an' I declar' dar doan' 'pear toe be none ob dem widin a mile ob dis place!"



HIS WAY OUT OF IT.

IRISH TOURIST—"Fer hivin's sake, hilp! Oi've bin toied up an' robbed."
MIKE (*the wood-cutter*)—"Oi've no knoive t' cut th' rope, but Oi'll fix yez wid th' axe."

MIKE—"Shure, now, whin we git t' th' sittlemint, about wan moile beyant, Oi'll git a knoife an' cut yez loose."


ZZZ



SAW NO USE IN IT.

"I doan' see de use in gittin' up dat fox-huntin' club—'deed I don't, Miss Irene. Now ef dey would hab a chicken-huntin' I could see some sense in it."



THE CULTURE OF LIVING MODELS.

There has been a noticeable stagnation in the goat-joke business of late among our comic artists. Thanks to Mr. McGinty of Harlem for raising us a brand new crop of the choicest breeds.



DENNIS STOOD TREAT.

DENNIS—"Phwat are yez doin' wid th' basket—sellin' eggs?"
PAT "Not an yer loife. 'Tis the jewelery bizness Oi'm in."
DENNIS—"Show yer samples an' prove yersilf a loiar."
PAT (*opening basket*)—"Nivir! Gaze an thim foine pair av watches."



PARTING ADVICE.

FARMER HAYRICK (*solemnly*)—"Now, Ephriam, ye're goin' ter a fash'nable summer resort fer two weeks' vacation, an' may th' good Lord be with ye. Don't let yer good clo'es spile ye. Be ez wise ez a sarpint an' harmless ez a dove. Be ez discreet ez ye kin, an' try not ter bring home more 'n one wife with ye; fer yer brother Jake 's a goin' down nex' month, remember, an' there hain't but two spare rooms in th' house, ye know."



A SENTIMENTAL LIKENESS.

MRS. COHEN—"Since ve losd our liddle son Ikey by de fire my husbandt vas ingonsolable, so I am looging for some pet to"——

DEALER—"No need to look any further, lady. Gaze on Jake, there, th' last one I've got of the celebrated imported Jerusalem parrots. Just think how he'll remind you and your husband of little Ikey."



A GENIUS.

FARMER HAYRICK (*to himself*)—"Thar, b'gosh! I've blowed out th' gas. 'Bout the time I git insensible th' hotel folks 'll smell it, break in th' door, an extract my tooth 'ithout pain. A dollar saved is a dollar earned, b'gosh!"



GOLF CRAZE STRIKES BLACKVILLE.

THE REV. DARKE (*angrily*) — "Jess wait twell I lays han's on dat son ob mahn. Ef de young vipah ain't gone an' took de stick out ob mah baist umberellah fo' one ob dem golf sticks!"


THE END

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